

12/19/33

# RECORD

## ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL



*John Trifero*



S. A. KOUKODOULOS '34

### CHRISTMAS NUMBER

BOSTON, MASS.

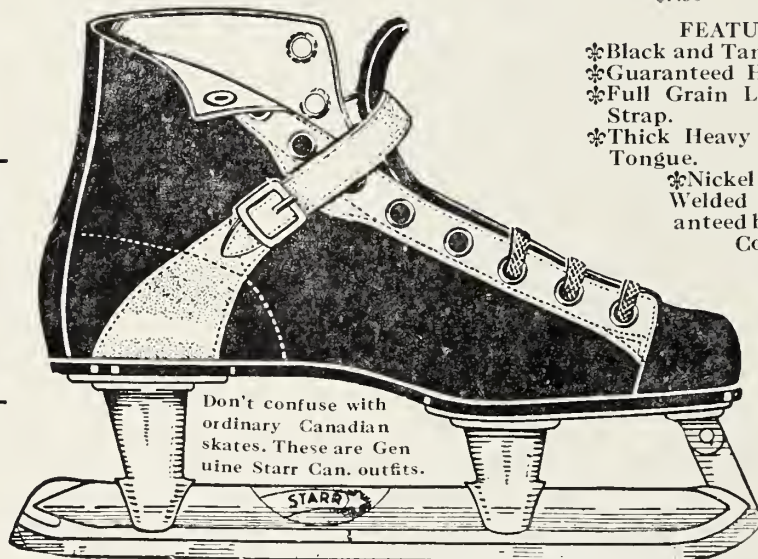
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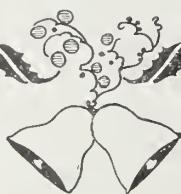
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## Merry Christmas

By Frank Silvera

May your holiday with joy and mirth be crown'd;  
Each day therein may pleasantries abound,  
Rich with a glee that makes even December  
Resemble days more pleasant to remember--  
Don seasons past, how well we would engender.  
Chill winds and snow do change the scenery,  
How bitter, yea, how sharp the bite of frost;  
Robbed are the trees of all their greenery,  
In wastes of winter, summer birds are lost  
Still when the winter comes how glad are we  
That once again the Christmas-tide shall be:  
May we then through these lines extend to thee--  
A Happy Christmas and a bright New Year,  
Serene, and blest with all you hold most dear.



# **The English High School Record**

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## Booty In Dispute

Eric G. Makris '34

A COLD, clammy, winter fog had settled over London. A regular 'pea-souper,' it hung like a grey pall over the city, blotting out all familiar landmarks. Many wayfarers that day lost their bearings and wandered around in the maze of London's streets bewildered by the dull colorless mist.

It was night. The stygian-like gloom that enveloped the docks and wharves along the Thames was broken only by the dim, pasty yellow flare of an occasional street lamp.

Kent Allwyn, young English adventurer, had just disembarked from the British sloop *St. George*, and was making his way along the dark, cobbled thoroughfares to the inn of the Half Moon, where he had a rendezvous with an old friend, Martin Scott.

Muffled in the warm folds of his long cloak, Kent strode along, his mind filled with rosy visions of a steaming tankard of spiced ale and the ease and warmth of the cheery Half Moon. He was looking forward to his reunion with Martin, whom he had not seen since his departure for the New World, three years past.

The hour was late. The streets were lonely and dark and Kent met no one as he hurried along. The thought occurred to him that this was just the kind of night thieves and black-hearted rogues would choose for their deviltry when they knew the dense blanket of murk and gloom would cover up their tracks. Shivering with apprehension, Kent quickened his pace.

Suddenly, as he was passing one of the numerous blind alleys that led off the street, the sound of scuffling feet intermingled with vile oaths reached his ears. Kent stopped and listened more attentively, trying to pierce the fog with his eyes.

His common sense told him to continue on his way and ignore the sounds. Street brawls, especially among the river thieves and knaves who lurked in the vicinity of the Thames were not uncommon in London during those early years. But his instinct told him to investigate.

Obedying the latter impulse, he cautiously entered the alley, all his senses alert and his hand grasping the hilt of his sword.

He did not have far to go before he was able to make out the shadowy outlines of four figures, three of whom seemed to be attacking the fourth, who defended himself with a sword. His attackers, three burly ruffians, were getting the best of their victim and the heavy blows they wielded with their clubs were telling on him.

Kent knew this to be against all the rules of fair play; the odds were too uneven. Drawing his sword, he

plunged into the melee, taking a stand beside the man armed with a sword. His appearance seemed to disconcert the attackers somewhat. They did not show so much eagerness for fight and their charges were not so frequent now that the odds were a little evened.

Kent was no novice at swordplay. Thrusting and parrying with all the eagerness and ardor of youth, he carried the fight to his opponents. He noticed out of the corner of his eye that his unknown ally was not so keen on the opposition. He seemed to be content with merely holding his own.

Kent's active and skillful swordplay soon became effective. He succeeded in disarming one of the attackers. As his club fell to the ground, the scoundrel's courage forsook him. Turning on heel he fled down the alley. The other two were not long in perceiving the fate of their companion. They likewise dropped their weapons and took to their heels, and all three were soon swallowed up in the fog. Kent and the unknown man whom he had aided were left alone in the dark alley.

Sheathing his sword, Kent approached the stranger. He was unable to see the man's features clearly, for it was almost pitch black where they were standing. He was about Kent's height, though not so heavily built. "*Mon cher ami*," he cried grasping Kent's hand, "my gratitude knows no words. I owe you my life. Were it not for your timely and most skillful assistance my dead body even now would be lying here unnoticed in this—what you call it?—this alley." He embraced Kent again and again with the characteristic exuberance of an emotional Frenchman, until the modest nature of the young Englishman rebelled and he became awkward and embarrassed.

"*Mon Dieu*," the Frenchman continued, "times are so bad and the world filled with so many wicked people that one cannot leave one's house at night any more. I was on my way to Canterbury Row when I became lost in this devil of a fog. I wandered blindly up this alley when *toute de suite* I was set upon by that pack of wolves you so nobly dispersed. It is too late now for my business at Canterbury Row. If you would be so good, *mon cher*, I should like you to accompany me to the Half Moon inn where we will drink some excellent English ale together."

His voice had a swinging, musical quality to it that made Kent think of tinkling pieces of silver, and he pronounced his English words with a distinct French accent.

"Marry, but I too was on my way to the Half Moon," Kent replied.

"*C'est bon, mon ami*, we will go together." So arm in arm, like old comrades, they set out blithely for the Half Moon.

Seated at a table in the warm, cheery interior of the inn, the two friends exchanged confidences over their tankards of mellow ale. Kent was able to study his new found friend to better advantage by the light. He had a pleasant, frank countenance, clear convincing brown eyes that seemed to hold a mocking laughter in their depths, and a shock of unruly black hair. A short, neatly trimmed moustache in the style of the day lent him a dashing cavalier air. Kent took an instant liking for him.

Michael Tremaille, for such was his name, seemed to be favorably impressed with Kent on his part. It was easy to discover a combination of admiration and amusement lurking in his eyes for the English lad's easy, jaunty manner.

Kent spied the busy host of the Half Moon, a short fat, cheery man with twinkling eyes. He called to him, and it was not long before mine host answered.

"Dost know of a Martin Scott who methinks is lodged here?" Kent inquired.

The innkeeper wrinkled his brow reflectively.

"Nay," he finally answered, "I know of no one here by that name."

Disappointed and a bit vexed, Kent indicated that was all he wanted.

"*Parbleu*," Michael's voice broke in on his thoughts, "Forgive my curiosity, did you say Martin Scott, *mon ami*?"

"Aye, Martin Scott, I said," Kent returned curiously, attracted by his excited manner.

"*Et mon ami*, one more thing *s'il vous plait*. You have not told me your name."

Kent laughed.

"Marry, but you are right. For shame that I should seem to be concealing my identity. I am known as Kent Allwyn."

"*Mon sacre Dieu*, you are just the man for me. It was to meet you that I was on my way to Canterbury Row."

Perplexity showed plainly on Kent's face.

"For me?" he echoed incredulously.

"*Oui, mon ami*. You see it is this way. Your friend, Martin Scott and I met two years ago aboard a French merchant-man, he as a passenger *et moi-même* as a mate, and we became inseparable friends. Bound for Havre with a cargo of tobacco and rum we sighted adrift upon the sea a rowboat carrying two men. We picked them up and learned that those two were the only survivors of the sloop *Portsmouth* bound for the Americas and that it had foundered the day before off the coast of France in a terrific storm. One of these men was a Spaniard and the other was a compatriot of mine. The latter had suffered unspeakable agony and his death was only a matter of hours. Martin, who had

a slight knowledge of medicine, did all he could for him. *Maintenant*, here is the point of the story. Before this Jean, as he was called, passed away he babbled incoherently about Spanish treasure and how he had stolen a map of its location from a Portuguese sailor in Trinidad. He gave Martin, just before he died, a torn piece of parchment paper, wrinkled and soiled, and then passed away mumbling something about the *Auberge du Vin Rouge* in France. All the while in the cabin the Spaniard, Don Alvarados, as he called himself, had been listening to the dying man's words, a crafty look in his eyes. Martin and I agreed he would bear watching. Later, when we were alone in my cabin we examined the paper and it proved to be one half of a map, but of course useless without the other half.

"Martin suggested that we search for this French inn and we might find something there relating to the matter. We searched diligently, using a description of this Jean and certain identifying papers he carried. Time and time again the Spaniard crossed our path, arousing our suspicions so that we doubled our vigilance. At last we found the inn Jean had meant, and in the room he had occupied we found the other half of the map hidden away in an old cloak. About that time Martin became ill and remembering his appointment with you, begged me to take his place.

"We both want you to share in our good fortune, I especially, after the events of this evening."

Kent had listened attentively to the long explanation.

"How is Martin? I hope he is not dangerously ill—dost think so, friend?" Kent asked him, his countenance reflecting the concern he felt.

"*Mon ami*, there is no need for worry," he was reassured. "I left him resting comfortably and with one half the map in his possession. The other half we thought best I should carry. Tomorrow we will set out for France. *Allons, mon ami*, let us retire. We both need rest."

\* \* \* \* \*

Two weeks later, one sunny morning in March, two travelers mounted on horseback were cantering along a narrow country lane in Normandy in the direction of the small town of Beaufleur. Kent and Michael had been fortunate in being able to secure passage on a boat leaving Folkestone for Calais the day following their meeting and from Calais onward their progress had been rapid. Both were in high spirits and anticipated with keen pleasure the reunion with Martin.

The outskirts of Beaufleur were soon reached, and it was not long before they drew rein before the *Auberge du Vin Rouge*.

"*Voilà, mon ami, l'Auberge du Vin Rouge*," exclaimed Michael merrily as he dismounted, and he indicated with an airy wave of his arm an inconspicuous, rambling two-storied building.

Kent surveyed the surroundings curiously. It was a quaint, picturesque little town wrapped in a somnolent



tranquility. The host recognized Michael and greeted them in the doorway, his fat, moon-like face wreathed in smiles. He told them Martin had as yet not come down to his breakfast.

"No matter," Michael said, "we will go up and rouse him," and followed by Kent he ascended the stairs to Martin's room.

Entering the room they were amazed to find it empty and in a state of great disorder. Clothes were flung about in wildest disarray, drawers half opened and ransacked. A window facing the grounds in the rear of the inn was open, and lying underneath on the grass was a ladder.

"*Parbleu!*" exclaimed Michael, "What has happened? Where is Martin?" Dashing madly out into the hall he shouted loudly for the inn-keeper, who hearing his excited calls came running up the stairs crying all the while:

"*Ou'y-a-t-il monsieur?* Why do you shout so?"

"You fool, there is plenty the matter. What has become of our friend who occupied this room? Speak, you ugly swine, or I will wring your fat neck. I swear it, do you hear?"

The inn-keeper entered the room and stared around, his eyes distended with surprise and a dumbfounded expression on his face. He kept shrugging his shoulders in a dazed manner and quailed before Michael's vitriolic temper.

"Leave the poor man alone, Michael. He knows nothing."

At the sound of these words all three whirled around in surprise and faced the intruder standing in the doorway. He was disheveled; blood covered his clothes and he gripped a sword in his hand.

"Martin!" Kent jumped beside him impulsively. "Marry! but it does my heart good to see you again. But what has happened? Are you hurt?"

"Ah, Kent! Ye are a sight for sore eyes, and you, too, Michael. Nay, I am not hurt. I've just had a bit of a scuffle."

"Tell us about it, Martin," urged Michael, as the host bustled away for hot water and food.

Martin sat down on the bed.

"It was Don Alvarados," he began. "About dawn this morning, I was awakened by the sounds of someone moving about in the room. Jumping up, I called out. A man, I couldn't see who it was then, turned around from the bureau where he had been examining my things, and made for the open window. I lunged forward and we had a battle royal in this room. He carried a knife, which complicated matters. However, I disarmed him but he caught hold of a chair and brought it down on my head with terrific force. That stunned me for a while, and when I regained my feet he was running across the fields yonder.

"I chased him and once I nearly had him, only I tripped over a rock. By that time, he was a good

distance from me and pursuit was impossible."

"Did he get anything?" inquired Michael eagerly, as he helped Kent put things to rights in the room.

"Nay. Don Alvarados is clever, but I am cleverer still. The map is hidden away in the cow bell that Bess out there is wearing," and he gave a low satisfied chuckle.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nine months later in the Mediterranean Sea a brigantine, flying the British flag at the mast top, was making her way warily up the Barbary Coast, for it was a pirate infested region.

It was a perfect spring day, and the sun, hanging high in the cloudless sky, sparkled upon the turquoise waters of the Mediterranean. A warm south wind was blowing and every available stitch of canvas had been crowded on the vessel's masts. Even at that, however, the ship made slow headway, for she carried a heavy cargo, and strangely enough, bristled with arms, huge deck guns on either side, their black, shiny muzzles gleaming ominously.

Upon the poop deck were three familiar young men. Kent and his two friends, Michael and Martin, were gazing intently at something on the horizon directly to the south of them.

Martin, who had the glass, passed it to Kent.

"Can you make her out?" queried Michael anxiously.

"'Tis a frigate," Martin answered, "but she flies no flag. We had best keep on our guard, though. No telling what might happen. We have the treasure this far and we'll not surrender it without a fight. If needs be we'll scuttle the ship rather than let it be taken from us. I'll rouse the crew and clear our decks," and he clattered down the steps to the cabin.

Meanwhile the lean, rakish frigate, a grey-hound of the seas, was rapidly gaining on them and was soon within gun shot. Suddenly, without warning a puff of white smoke belched from the frigate's side and a shot whizzed over the water across the brigantine's bow.

The three adventurers by common consent, decided to put about and meet the enemy, if an enemy it was. Everything on board their boat had been made ready for a fight. The men stood by their guns, fuses were lighted, and cutlasses and guns were handed out. A treasure of no mean wealth was aboard and the crew were determined they would not be deprived of it.

Again the frigate's gun spoke, and this time as the ball fell with a sizzling sound into the water, it left a gaping hole in the brigantine's canvas, and a tattered mass of rigging and ropes behind it.

The frigate had declared its intentions. It was a hostile ship.

Michael had ordered the ship about, and was advancing to meet the frigate. The two vessels were very close now, and they could see the faces of the frigate's crew. Dark and swarthy faces, with cruel, beady eyes



and upon the upper deck, a sinister smile on his thin avaricious lips, paced the Spaniard, Don Alvarados himself.

"Pirates!" exclaimed Martin, his pulse beating faster. Vultures of the sea, hard, unrelenting enemies.

The Spaniards had a decided advantage. Their boat was larger and carried more crew and guns.

They maneuvered for a broadside position, for once the brigantine presented her side, the frigate would rake her with her guns and devastating damage would result.

Then, as the Spanish ship swerved a bit for a more advantageous position, the brigantine's fifteen guns spoke with a thunderous roar. The frigate rocked and swayed upon the water, her side completely shattered. Wounded and dying men tumbled into the sea with piercing shouts and agonizing groans.

Grappling irons pulled the two ships together and they locked. A fire started aboard the frigate and the smell of burnt powder was strong.

With wild shouts and lusty cries, thirsting for sanguine revenge, the Spaniards swarmed over the brigantine. They were met by a determined line of English seamen who fought with such fierceness and ardor that the pirates were checked.

Michael was engaged with a couple of evil, leering fellows, one of whom was about to strike at Michael's arm with his broad sword when Kent came to his

rescue. Martin, up on the poop deck was engaged with Don Alvarados. Those two had an old score to settle. Both were skillful swordsmen, although Martin was the much cooler of the two. The Spaniard, finding his thrusting and parrying were of no avail, became impatient. He attempted to hack at Martin's sword, hoping thereby to disarm him.

Suddenly Martin slipped on a pool of blood. Clutching at the taffrail to keep from falling, his sword flew from his hand. With a murderous cry the Spaniard was upon him, his sword raised, ready to plunge it into his opponent's defenseless body. A pistol shot rang out. Don Alvarados clutched at his heart, the pallor of his face turned a ghostly white and then with an unearthly scream he pitched over the railing into the sea below. Michael's pistol had saved a life.

In the meantime the battle was not faring so well for the Spaniards. Their ship was a blazing furnace, their leader was lost and more than half their number were either wounded or dead. Surrender was inevitable.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dusk had fallen over the Mediterranean. Only the stars and the ivory moon looked down on the tranquil waters. Far off on the horizon, her tattered canvas spread to the breeze and the British flag fluttering at the mast top, a brigantine carrying a treasure that had caused the death of many men that day was homeward bound.

## *Wanderlust*

Oh, how I'd like to see the world,  
To see her mysteries unfurled,  
To know about each distant land,  
The rolling plains of endless sand!

The tales of Paris, London, Rome  
Have often urged me to leave home,  
That I may some day get to see  
The lands which are unknown to me.

To travel new and unblazed trails,  
Where discovery's flick'ring light yet fails  
To open to the charter's pen  
Some misty mount, a shaded glen.

My restless soul is truly bent  
On seeing every continent.  
I wish to see and know the place  
Where lived and lives the human race.

But with this yearning I must cope,  
For there is nothing else but hope—  
That I may roam throughout the world  
And see those mysteries unfurled.

—Alvin D. Zalinger '36

## *“The Aim of Every English High School Boy is to Become a Man of Honor and Achievement”*

HOW often we pass the statue whose pedestal bears the aim of every English High School boy. But how often do we think of what those few words mean?

Do they mean that every one of us should be a Lindbergh, a Pershing, or any man who has achieved a great feat or who has made himself a hero in the eyes of the public? Do they mean that every one of us should strive for a ruling place in the world and that we should be rich?

It is true that if it is in a man's power to achieve these things he should not shirk at the opportunity. But the man who reaches the goal of every English High School boy is the man who takes his just place in life.

Every boy cannot go to college, but if these boys and the boys who have been so fortunate to have a college education, go into the fields in which they belong, then they have achieved their goal.

The words, A Man of Honor, do not mean that a man should be honored and praised by the people. But they mean that a man's character should be strong and firm. They mean that he should refuse to do wrong and that he should stand for righteousness and justice.

Then if we achieve these things we truly live up to our aim and although we are not heroes in public life, we are heroes to ourselves for we have accomplished our feat.

*John Brennan '35*



### *Classroom Boners*

Transparent means something you can see through; for instance, a keyhole.

Most of Shakespeare's plays were tragedies.

The equator is a menagerie lion running round the earth and through Africa.

The judge was very kind. He asked the deceased if he had anything to say.

Three shots rang out. Two of the servants fell dead. The other went through his hat.

Persia's ruler is the Pshaw.

The mark under the "c" in recu is a gorilla.

A mayor is a he horse.

Homer was not written by Homer but by another man of that name.

Shakespeare wrote tragedies, comedies and errors.

The plural of ox is oxygen.

LXXX—Love and kisses.

The inhabitants of ancient Egypt are called mummies.

Nero was a cruel tyrant who would torture his sub-

jects by playing the fiddle to them.

The great navigator cursed about the Atlantic.

Shakespeare lived at Windsor with his merry wives.

People go to Africa to hunt rhinostriches.

Hors de combat—War horse.

Cicopatra's warning—"Beware of the brides of March."

Both criminals were put to death by elocution.

A refugee keeps order at a football match.

A skeleton is a man with his inside out and his outside off.

The interior of the earth is hot because there are no breezes.

Glycerine is a vicious liquid, miserable in water in all proportions.

A circle is a line of no depth running around a dot for ever.

In Pittsburgh they manufacture iron, and steal.

Where is the greater port of Europe? In New York.

*—J. White*



Dear Teacher:

Kindly excuse Jack's absence from school yesterday as he fell in the mud. By doing the same you will oblige his mother.

"Hello, is this the City Bridge Department?"

"Yes, what do you want?"

"How many points do you get for a little slam?"

## *Cruising the Corridors with T. E. J.*

WE HEAR that a rather fidgety senior came to one of the members of our science instruction department, and asked, "Sir, do you believe there is any danger of microbe transference in kissing?" The teacher answered absent-mindedly, without looking up from his work, "Come around after school; I'll find out about it in the meantime." . . . A youngster in the cross-corridor was overheard discussing a gambling movie the other day. A senior interrupted him, and commenced moralizing. One of his remarks was to the effect that one must not shoot craps, for life is just as dear to them as it is to us. . . . Or as an indignant mother wrote the other day: "Dear Sir—Please do not lay hands on Tommy, for he is a delicate child. We never beat him at home unless in self defense." . . . One young gentleman, in an oral composition claimed that he once had a parrot who recited the "Village Blacksmith" so realistically that sparks actually flew from his tail. . . . A senior we know is worried about the Proms. By that we mean that his feet are not emotional, or in still other words, they refuse to be moved. . . . Teacher: "When were you born, young man?"—"April 2nd, sir."—"Hmm! Late as usual, I see!" . . . A Freshman was travelling on a train for the first time, therefore he was startled when the porter asked him whether he would like to be brushed off. He replied that he preferred to get off like the other passengers. . . . An excited soph came to class the other day telling about the man with-

out arms he had seen playing the piano. He was quite chagrined when a member of the Glee Club reminded him of the number of fellows who sing without voices. . . . One of the very *very* good boys came to school late the other day, and the teacher was inquisitive as to his reason. "Well, sir, he explained, I awoke, and couldn't see myself there, and I thought I had gone to school. It was after nine before I found that the mirror had fallen out of its frame." . . . At the end of the term last year a jubilant junior hastened home to remind his father that he didn't require any new books for the coming season, for he had failed and could use the same ones again. . . . "But sir," the student exclaimed—"Surely seeing is believing!" "Not always," replied, the instructor, "For instance, I see you every day." . . . One of our Geography scholars maintains that a distant relative is one who lives in Australia. . . . Another favorite belief, this one held by a Freshman—that an actor who appears in several parts must be on a jig-saw puzzle. . . . We hear that first aid was rendered in the corridors today. A fellow feared defeat. He had spelled "professor" with two "f's", and didn't know which to eliminate. . . . The music maestro asked one of our rival school's musicians whether he enjoyed Chopin. "No sir, I get so tired from walking from one store to the other." . . . And we leave you with this tiny thought, (It's original too!)—Look warily, for no matter what its contents may be, darkness always seems empty. . . .

## *A Book Worth Knowing*

"Titans of Literature," by Burton Roscoe is a book anyone interested in literature or in attaining a literary background will want to read. It is written in a popular, highly interesting style, and does for literature what Hendrik Van Loon's Geography has done for science. Both writers have written with the single purpose in mind of freeing the study of literature and science from pedantry and bigotry and making them humane and tolerant subjects. This book contains brief biographical sketches and critical comments on the works and lives of the following writers: Homer, Sophocles, Vergil, Dante, Boccaccio, Rabelais, Villon, Montaigne, Cervantes, Chaucer, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Milton, Shelley, Dickens and many others.

—Reviewed by Eric G. Makris



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## *The Power and the Glory*

IT WAS bitterly cold outside and the rising wind sobbed fitfully around the chimney and rattled angrily at the shutters. But inside in my little room that wintry December night, it was comfortably warm and cosy. The soft hissing of the escaping steam in the radiator made a pleasant, soothing sound, not unlike the tea-kettle's song. I sat in slippers, in my arm-chair alongside the lamp at my elbow. The book on medieval times I was reading had slipped from my hands and fallen to the floor. My eyes felt tired, and I shut them for a moment.

I was turning over in my mind what I had just been reading when suddenly the thought occurred to me, what would I have been had I been born in medieval times instead of in this scientific age? Freeman, serf, vassal, lord, slave or monk? To what class should I belong? From my somewhat general, though not so superficial, knowledge of the time, none of these classes appealed to me especially. I inwardly thanked whatever fate had sent me into the world when it did.

In medieval times there was little or no chance for a man to make a mark in the world. It was a time appropriately known as the Dark Ages, for nothing of any benefit to mankind was accomplished. Humanity was preparing itself for the glorious, life-giving Renaissance.

The world has made rapid strides since that period of intellectual and cultural stagnation, and we today are living in perhaps the greatest period the world has ever known, the 20th century age of science.

Never was there a time when we held so much of our destiny in our own hands. I do not mean to say that we are entirely independent of destiny, but to a certain extent we hold within our power the shaping of our lives.

We can all have a goal, and if we are ambitious enough, and overcome the contending forces that present themselves simply to test our mettle, and if we persevere long enough, nothing in the world can prevent our attaining this goal.

We can count ourselves doubly fortunate in not only living in this propitious age, but on being born, and living in a country which fosters democracy for all classes regardless of racial, color, or religious distinctions,—a nation that cherishes the attainment of high ideals.

Indeed thrice blessed are we who have been so favored, for we have been granted a running start in the race of life.

We, 20th century Americans, are the power and the glory of the world.

—Eric G. Makris

It is with the deepest regret and sorrow that we report the death of Lewis Burman of 25 Intervale Street, Roxbury, a freshman in the English High School. Stricken ill Friday, November 10, he was taken home by a teacher. On the following Monday he was operated on, but failed to recover.

We extend our most heartfelt sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

# School Notes

## Student Council

THE student council, long the organization for the betterment and the protection of the members of this school, has started another year under the able direction of Mr. Frazier. At the first meeting officers were elected with the following results:

*President*.....Fred Yee  
*Vice-President*.....Linwood W. Tracy  
*Secretary*.....William Collins

Other members are:

<i>Senior</i>	<i>2nd Year</i>
Crowley, Vincent M.	Harding, Robt. D.
Flynn, William J. No. 2	Santasuosso, Alfred
Johnson, Alden C.	Anglin, John F.
	Mackin, John E.
<i>3rd Year</i>	<i>1st Year</i>
Stanley, Robert C.	Manning, Martin J.
Richards, William M.	Harris, Maceo
Cantella, V. M.	Reddy, Paul F.
	Nagle, Harold R.

## Orchestra

THE orchestra has started another year led by Mr. Rand. There are about fifty members actively engaged in entertaining during school assemblies and recently they provided music at the Old South Meeting house.

Mr. Rand has announced that he needs boys who can play the celio, the oboe, and the bassoon. Anyone so talented please apply at Room 306.

*Concert Master*.....Vincent Mauricci

## Special Assembly

A GROUP of lucky members of the student body had the honor on November 7 of hearing Mr. Borah Minevitch and his famous "Harmonica Band" play. His "gang" played such novelty numbers as "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf," and "Peanuts," and then he showed his own mastery of the mouth-organ by playing excerpts from "Rhapsody in Blue." He was greeted after each number by an almost thunderous applause.

## Current Events Club Extends An Invitation

THE Current Events Club, for the second year under the direction of Mr. Malone, met early and, elected for officers:

*President*.....Edward T. Jacobson  
*Vice-President*.....Thomas Scanlon  
*Secretary*.....Sidney Cohen

Meeting in Room 256, they plan programs that will interest any wide-awake boy. Each week a new subject comes up for discussion and although debating has not yet been formally introduced it is one of the main phases of the club. Topics already discussed include "The Recognition of Russia," "The Roosevelt Dollar" and "The Gold Standard."

New members and visitors are invited to attend and will be assured of an interesting show for their time. Visit when you can, and on leaving, leave your name with the secretary.

## Aviation Club Contests

STARTING its second successful year under Mr. Peacock, the Aviation Club shows promise of a season crammed full of interest for the air-minded boys of the school. Officers have been elected and the club's activities have gone immediately into full swing. Members of the club have brought in scale models of airplanes and there is now a good collection of colorful, well built models in Mr. Peacock's keeping. Moreover the club will have mass training on building contest models in school and contests will be held in the drill hall with valuable prizes to the winners.

All the members show a real air-minded spirit. Commander Fred Yee last year was the only member of the student body possessing a pilot's license. Two younger members this year, McCormick and Putnam, have quite a few solo hours to their credit.

*Commander*.....Leon Bailey  
*Vice-Commander*.....George Cook  
*Secretary*.....Roy Putnam  
*Treasurer*.....J. J. McCormick



### *Band Called*

MR. CONNELL has already called the band together and given the following promotions to its members:

*Captain*.....Vincent M. Jacobs  
*1st Lieutenant*.....Walter Driscoll  
*2nd Lieutenant*.....J. A. McElaney

It is Mr. Connell's hope that the Fife Corps established last year may be used for the fourth and the new fifth regiment.

Entries are still open and anyone who can play a band instrument is eligible.

### *Math Club*

THE Mathematics Club, Mr. Lundeen presiding, has been called to order early this year in order to get a good start in the program which has been mapped out.

This club, composed entirely of seniors, has never failed to be the most active club in the school. To prove this we have some of the problems that have been covered already so early in the season. A vernier has been constructed, the functions of a sextant have been taken up, the longitudinal (true) position and the height of the towers of English High have been computed, as well as the functions of the sun at different parts of the world at different times. Later in the season the junior class shall be initiated into the club for next year's membership.

*President*.....Fred Yee 207  
*Vice-President*.....Nathan Gerson 107  
*Secretary-Treasurer*.....Harry Fox 106

### *Latin Club Urges*

THE Latin Club, under the direction of Mr. Renehan meets twice each month in Room 151.

The programs consist of illustrated lectures discussions of topics connected with the study of Latin, and meetings of the Roman Senate. The procedure is exceedingly interesting in that the officers become quaestors and quaetors and the committees the senate and such.

Boys taking Latin and Ancient History and all others interested are eligible for membership. You are urged to join.

### *Stamp Club Active*

AN ACTIVE club has started this year with many interesting features such as discussions and displays of collections, stamp auctions, and the filling of a school album.

Under Mr. Phelps the club expects to do much during the remainder of the year. Students interested in

### *German Club wants Volunteers*

HERE is an open challenge to all boys taking German! The German Club has not yet started this year because of a decided lack of interest on the part of the boys. This is strange since the German Club has been a really active club before this year. In past years the club has had extremely interesting activities such as seeing German plays and cinemas and listening to Mr. Evans, who is a very interesting speaker, talk on all subjects on and concerning Germany. Let us see how many members we can have in Mr. Hill's room, Room 154, as soon as is possible.

### *Camera Club takes Pictures*

THE Camera Club met for the first time this year on October 25 in Room 243. We are glad to say that Mr. Ford is again advising this group. The attendance was not large but the enthusiasm shown by the participants was promising.

The results of the election for officers showed:

*President*.....William J. Fitzgerald  
*Vice-President*.....Alphonse Sidlauskas  
*Secretary*.....Chester W. P. Higgins  
*Treasurer*.....Benjamin Sandler  
*Program Committee*....George Mergupis  
 Maurice Sherman

Last year, we regret to say, this group was hampered by lack of interest after few meetings had passed, and so any boy thoroughly interested in practical photography is invited to join while the opportunity still presents itself. Pictures were taken at a recent meeting and will be shown publicly in the near future.

### *Chemistry Club Studies Milk*

ON OCTOBER 24th, at the invitation of Mr. Evans in charge of the Chemistry Club, Mr. Finn, of the Boston Health Department came to our school and gave an excellent discourse on the subject, "Analysis of Milk."

The speaker explained the procedure in this analysis and illustrated with experiments which showed the composition of milk. He also told of the state law which requires a certain percentage of ash in our milk.

Since a great interest was shown in this lecture, it will be the policy of the Chemistry Club whenever possible to invite outside speakers.

stamp collections should take advantage and join the club. Attend a meeting at 001.

The officers for 1933-4 are:

*President*.....Albert W. Hellenthol  
*Vice-President*.....William J. Frederick  
*Secretary*.....Irving I. Benlow

## *Did You Know That - - -*

When you take an aspirin tablet you take a 5 grain dose of monoaceticacidester of salicylic acid.

A tomato contains a greater percentage of water than a glass of milk. A glass of milk contains 88% water and a tomato contains 94% water.

Radium can cause as well as cure cancers.

The black part of a negative is composed of pure silver.

Ammonia is made from the nitrogen in our atmosphere.

Iodine is extracted from sea-weeds.

Bakelite is composed of phenol and formaldehyde, two common liquid disinfectants.

Salt is composed of two poisons. Sodium and Chlorine.

Laughing gas is made out of two gases that compose more than 90% of the earth's atmosphere.  $N_2O$ .

No one can see electricity. They can see its effects.

You can not get a shock from third rail unless you are grounded.

More than half the crippled children in the U. S. owe their conditions to Infantile Paralysis, or Tuberculosis.

The organism that causes infantile paralysis is known as Poliomyelitis.

High pitched sounds can kill germs.

Time and counting have neither a beginning nor an end.

Some still cameras can take a picture in 1,1000 of a second.

In order to prevent dead people from walking the people who lived in Europe during the New Stone Age 7000 years ago cut the toes off their cadavers.

A person standing on the North Pole is 13 miles nearer the center of the earth than a person standing on the equator.

Butter is the only food that can be artificially colored without stating so on the label.

In 1928, 18,000 people died from appendicitis.

The brain of an adult elephant weighs 8 pounds.

A laughing jackass is not a donkey—he is a bird.

A pineapple is 89% water.

The oldest town in America is Oraibi, Arizona. It is 500 years old.

—Gathered by Maurice I. Golden '36

## *Snickers From The Flickers*

"Laughing At Life"—The Senior who already has 98 diploma points.

"The Affairs of Voltaire"—Our star mathematician's affairs.

"One Man's Journey"—The adventures of a member of our faculty this summer abroad.

"Brief Moment"—Senior candidate's speech-time at Assembly.

"Stranger's Return"—The habitual "hookey" player comes to school.

"Ace of Aces"—Our football team.

"Too Much Harmony"—Soup time at the lunch counter.

"Duck Soup"—An ingredient of too much harmony.

"Song of Songs"—A teacher announcing an "A" recitation mark.

"The Golden Harvest"—To reap Honor Roll bi-monthly marks.

"The Kick-Off"—The start of the E.H.S.-B.L.S. Thanksgiving-day Classic.

"Her Bodyguard"—Seniors escorting their "escortees"

home from the Prom.

"The Invisible Man"—The tardy student who manages to get to his seat unnoticed.

"Flying Devils"—The trapeze artists at our gym.

"The Solitaire Man"—The second sergeant in a drill company.

"Big Executive"—The officer left in charge of a classroom.

"Morning Glory"—That time before school when one can do as he pleases.

"Tarzan the Fearless"—Our Fullback.

"Emperor Jones"—The president of the Graduating Class.

"Turn Back the Clock"—Trying to finish a test paper before the bell rings.

"The Footlight Parade"—The presentations of our Dramatic Club.

"To The Last Man"—Our loyalty pledge to our Alma Mater.

Some of our mathematicians think that the slide rule has something to do with the World Series.

The waiter laughed when I spoke to him in French. No wonder, it was my old French teacher."

# Athletic Notes

## ENGLISH 19—TRADE 0

**R**OD BATTLES furnished the high points of the game in which the Blue and Blue crushed the Buff and Blue. English's two devastating touchdowns within two minutes and a half completely took the wind out of the Traders' sails.

Leading indirectly to E. H. S.'s victory, a punt was allowed to roll to Bill Christenson (T. lhb.) and when it rested on the Trade 13, he proceeded to fall on it. "Red" Burke, English end, waited until he touched it and then cunningly "stole" it on him, giving English High the pigskin at this point. Trade courageously held their opposition to a mere 3-yard gain in four plays, and with the kickout, Battles ran it back 12 yards to the opposing team's 24. From there, Bill Little and Battles got to the 13, first down, and then Rod scored, only to be called back on a penalty. One play and the teams went into the second period.

On the first play, Battles made four yards and then a pass from that ace passer, Little, to our quarterback was completed, the latter getting the ball on the five, and skirting wide, romped for the first tally.

On the ensuing kick-off, Battles, getting the ball on his own 3-yard line, heading directly up the center, and as excellent interference formed in front of him, pounded straight up to mid-field. Reaching there, three Traders attempted to hem him in, but cutting and whirling swiftly to the left, and then adding such a great burst of speed, he was in the clear at Trade's 40, with 21 other gridsters in full chase. Abe Segal caught up with the "English Flyer" at the Buff and Blue's 30, and a carefully aimed tackle nipped one heel, but it failed to disturb "Rajah," who kept on flying unmolested across the goal line, ending his 97-yard gallop. Al "Munie" Munichello, our brilliant booter, donated the point after touchdown.

"Sal" DiDomenico touched off the third Blue and Blue scoring drive by intercepting a pass on his own 30-yard marker. Bill Little and Rod Battles, assisted by beautiful line work, marched to the Trade five-yard line and Little sprinted outside the left wing for the final addition to the score. Too much cannot be said of English's beautiful line play, that made this decisive victory possible. Paul Agrillo, our "Little Stonewall" deserves special mention and praise as he was the only member of the English team who did not receive relief.

## E. H. S. 20—GROTON 0

**L**ED by Captain "Lefty" Flynn, English High buried Groton School 20 to 0. The Blue and Blue varied deception with power to keep their hosts at bay. English kicked to Groton to open the game, and when the preparatory school returned the ball by means of a punt, English proceeded to hammer out a score in less than their allotted downs. A series of line bucks to the Groton 35-yard marker and "Bill" Little's scoot round left end for the remaining distance resulted in the aforementioned score. The conversion was successful due to the trusty toe of "Al" Munichello.

For the remainder of the half, Groton School rallied via the air route with Auchinsloss and Macy outstanding in the attack. However, they lacked the drive and power to put over a score and never threatened after this stage of the contest.

English gathered itself for a scoring drive in the last period. After an exchange of kicks, English received the ball well inside Groton territory and our shifty backs pounded through the tenacious Groton line for continual gains to the seven yard line, where Munichello plunged for a score. The cry for point after touchdown proved unsuccessful.

In the closing stages, "Little Bill" Little tossed a pass to "Rajah" Battles, who lugged it 25 yards to the two-yard line, and then scored on the next play. A deceptive point-after-touchdown play was executed and another point was added to the impressive total.

## THE SUMMARIES

### ENGLISH HIGH

Nazzaro, le  
O'Donnell, lt  
McGrath, lg (Bailey)  
Costello, c (Walmsley, Amorosino)  
Agrillo, rg  
Flynn, rt (Cohen)  
Downey, re (Goldstein)  
Battles, qb  
DiDomenico, lhb, (Falvey, Ahearn)  
Little, rhb (Ryan, Heelon)  
Munichello, .fb (Yaffee, Gill)

### GROTON SCHOOL

Shaw, re (Hadden)  
Northrup, rt (Auchinsloss)  
Loring, rg (Devens)  
Blair, c (Minot)  
Danielson, lg (Bailey)  
Gardiner, lt  
Pine, le (Gerard)  
H. Auchinsloss, qb (Whitney)  
Green, rhb (Baker)  
Macy, lhb  
Graham, fb (Rogers, Higgins)

### SCORE BY PERIODS

	1	2	3	4	Total
English	7	0	0	13	20
Groton	0	0	0	0	0



## *English vs. Boston College High*

OUR annual tilt with the Maroon and Gold proved to be one of the greatest schoolboy football spectacles seen in recent years. It was a game of games, more deserving for a "Big Ten" Conference gallery, and every lad who figured in that bitter scrap did himself proud. The magic point-after-touchdown put English in the defeat column.

"Bud" Farwell, star quarterback of B. C. H., got the fans to their feet on the opening kickoff when he ran back for 30 yards to his 34-yard line. Three rushes were good for nine yards, but Farwell, with due respect to the fast English line, kicked to the English 30. Battles receiving, hit the right to the B. C. H. 40, and then cutting in off the left for seven, and once more by the same route carried to the 26. Little flew to the nine and Munichello landed for first down on the 15. "Rod" spun to the right of center and Bill hit the same spot for a first down on the 3-yard marker, where the Blue and Blue was penalized 5 yards on an offside play. "Bill" Little, our triple threat, swept the end to the five, but on a fake spinner went through his left tackle for a touchdown, Munichello kicking the try point from placement.

Jim O'Donnell, playing inspired football, flopped on a B. C. H. fumble on the Maroon 40. Little chucked Battles a pass to the 30-yard line and Munichello bucked the right for nine but our team lost five on a penalty. Little then heaved Nazzaro a pass over center for a first down on the sixteen-yard stripe and Munichello again cracked the right, coming out galloping, raced for a touchdown. Munichello did not convert successfully.

B. C. High took courage when Farwell lugged in the kick for twenty yards, and then booted to the English

16. English, playing cleverly, recovered a kick after the ball touched a Maroon player on our own 40. A short kick went out of bounds on B. C. High's 45, from where Horne started an exacting passing game, sending one to Morris to the English 41, another to Fulton to the 30, the third, a pip over center, to Morris to the 4-yard line, and a short swift one that Morris received just over the goal line. Farwell then booted the placement, and the half ended at this point.

Battles got away a 46-yard punt from scrimmage in the third period, and later Eichorn got B. C. H. a break by recovering an English fumble on the Blue and Blue 25. Horne tossed Koval a pass to the 18-yard line and Jim O'Donnell again hopped on a Maroon and Gold miscue. Battles booted to the B. C. H. 39, from where Horne let go a pass to Morris, who made a pretty catch on the English 30-yard line and was galloping for a touchdown until fleet-footed Battles clipped him from behind, seven yards from the goal line. In three tries, the B. C. attack brought the ball up to within a yard of our goal, where the great English frontier threw back their hammered assault and received the ball on downs. Battles then kicked out of danger to his own 28. A pass, Horne to Morris, was collected on the 15-yard line, where Morris cut sharply to the left to evade two would-be tacklers and ran the remaining 15 yards for a touchdown to tie the score at 13 to 13. Farwell of the Maroon and Gold then proved his great courage by twice kicking the point-after-touchdown to win the football game, after his first kick had been called offside. In the closing minutes of play English fought valiantly to recover the lead, but time proved their undoing, and the curtain was rung down on this schoolboy thriller.



Instructor: "Tell me, don't you ever have any inclination to study?"

Joe Student: "Yes, sir, but I overcome the temptation."

Ike: "Did the doctor remove your appendix?"

Mike: "It feels like he removed my whole table of contents."

## *"Blue and Blue Athletic Honor Roll"*

THE honor of christening this Athletic Honor Roll goes to our Faculty Athletic Manager, Mr. Smith, who has labored unsung and unheralded in this capacity for eighteen long years. We doff our hats to Mr. Smith for his great work and liberal cooperation with our athletic representatives. Success to you, Mr. Smith, in your nineteenth year, may it prove as fruitful in the future as it undoubtedly has in the past.

Among Boston College's great football machine we may find many former English High School stars. Heading the list is none other than "Dimmy" Zaitz, whose great fame this year will probably gain him All-American recognition.

Some of the others are Lou Musco, Paul Donohue, George Maiocca, Johnny O'Lalor and Neil Owens. Good luck, fellows, and may you continue your good work.

English High's contributions to Holy Cross in the past have given them many a successful year. This year's freshman squad will undoubtedly do the same thing for Holy Cross next year. "Mike" Ryan now

playing first string center on the Freshman team is considered the greatest freshman center in the East, and will without fail be the mainstay of the Varsity next year. "Herb" Callahan is also starring for the Holy Cross Freshman team. Coach Anderson hopes to get Herb "mad enough" to play the sensational football he is capable of.

Our greatest contribution is none other than the greatest schoolboy runner ever developed in this section, Larry Scanlon. Larry at the present time, is fast enough to defeat any man on the Holy Cross Varsity Track Team. In this scribe's opinion Larry Scanlon will be one of the stellar performers in the next Olympic games. Jack Hallahan, who is a former "Reggie" champ will really show his worth in the high hurdles, an event which he could not do at high school, as it was not allowed. Jack showed his prowess by winning most of the hurdle events against some of the leading prep school stars in the country. According to Coach Daley, his track coach at St. John's Prep, he will prove a valuable asset to the Worcester College.

## *In Fields of Science*

Here is good news for all pleasure car drivers. That includes Fords. I see that trucks are being made of aluminum. Now when the driver says, "Get off the road," you can reply, "Keep still or I'll bump your truck over the banking," or, if he is not too big, you might take the truck home on the roof of your car.

Extra!! You can believe it or don't, but America had civilization 15,000 years ago. We are glad to hear that. I wonder if we could get their secret. Imagine the headlines: AMERICA THE FIRST COUNTRY TO ADOPT CIVILIZATION. Maybe there wasn't any gold standard to contend with.

Can you imagine it, but those funny, hard, white things we call barnacles have a sense of color distinction. It seems that black and other dark colors are to their liking, while white is shunned. The hulls of ships are going to be painted white from now on to foil the barnacles. This idea will save ship owners 100 million a year. Quite a few dollars to be put out of circulation. Maybe it will be donated to the Red Cross. That reminds me, if you haven't joined yet, you had better do so right away.

Talk about perfection—a new razor blade sharpener has been invented that runs by electricity. That's not all, it stops by itself when the blade reaches the right degree of sharpness.

Watch out! A cannon has been invented that can be carried around in your hand. The army is using them to practice with. They are economizing on the cost of artillery and are using big guns built to scale, 100-1 that shoot .22 bullets.

Page the track team. An athletic club in England is using a tread mill to practice on. It has a speedometer on the side. The speed of twenty miles per has been attained. That is something for our boys to try and beat.

Warning!! The coast of our fair land is disappearing. It has done so for the last 100,000 years so scientists claim. During that time 40 miles have been washed away. Our friends that live near the water had better watch out or some morning about 700 years from now they will wake up and find their house floating down Boston Harbor. Remember, time and tide wait for no man. That will be a good excuse to give Mr. Brown for being late for school. The slogan was, "Save our Forests." Now it is "Save our Coastline."

The generating plant in the new ship, *Normandy*, develops more power than 154 power stations on land. Its four generators put forth 42,750 kilowatts. Quick, you physicists, how many horse power is that?

—Laurence E. Clark

## *School Synonyms*

By T. E. J.

Abandoned—The condition hope is left in when one has failed four times in one subject.  
 Abolitionist—Term used in reference to a "four school-day week" reformer.  
 Abstainer—One who abstains from "accepting" home assignments.  
 Abstraction—State of mind in which a would-be student listens to a math. lecture.  
 Barnacle—A fellow who never graduates—but just "stays on."  
 Bargainer—One who tries to convince an instructor that he is worth a "B" rather than a "C."  
 Bashful—The newly appointed captain before his newly assigned company.  
 But—The only thing actually standing between an "A" and a "D."  
 Cereal—The substance which gives our athletes their

strength and durability.  
 Concoction—A substance manufactured during Chem. lab. periods.  
 End—the word used to designate a day arriving about June 23.  
 Fervid—Adjective describing our mutual school spirit!  
 Gnus—Animals, but commonly thought to have to do with the daily newspapers.  
 Hole—Oft considered the area encompassed by a circle.  
 If—That indefinable something. One of the other barriers to success.  
 Joy—The sensation we feel in anticipation of our Christmas holidays.  
 Knob—A word descriptive of cane heads,—and,—well, other heads too.  
 Lynx—An animal—sometimes thought to be a golf course.



### INTERNATIONALE

Are you Hungary? Ye Siam, Then Russia to the table and I will Fije. I will have some Turkey on China, Sweden the coffee, Denmark the bill. No? All right—then call the Bosphorus.

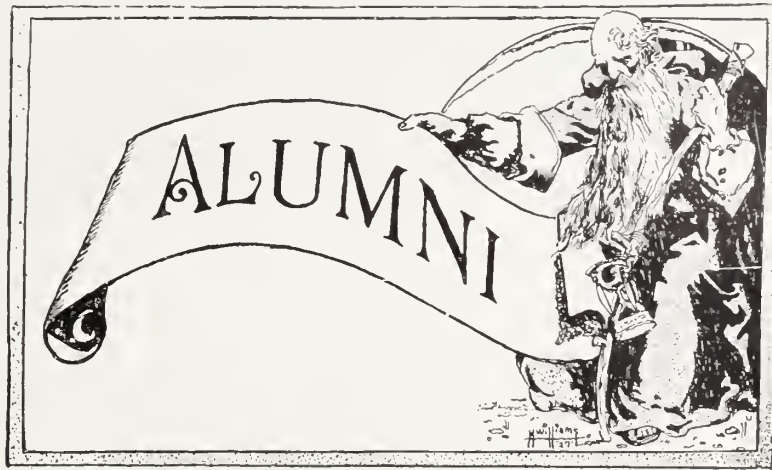
Oh, Canada chatter, she's Spain in the neck.

—J. W.

Guide: "Quick! There's a full grown leopard. Shoot him on the spot!"

Lord Dumbleigh: "Which spot? I say, be specific my man."





Robert M. Becker '30 has been elected managing editor of the *Voo Doo* at the Mass. Institute of Technology.

W. Randall Becker '33 has been pledged to the Phi Kappa Fraternity at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.

The following boys, graduates of English high, were awarded scholarships by the Harry E. Burroughs Newsboys Foundation: Robert Kaitz, Robert Schwartz, Abraham Rosen.

We have received word from Boston University that the following graduates of English High are on the Honor Roll: Joseph V. Dinarello '32, Morris Gallant '31, Wade W. Habeeb '33, Louis Rosnitsky '32, Abraham Slain '32, Michael Theodoron '33, Clifton Watts '30

One of the oldest graduates of E. H. S. (perhaps the oldest) is Charles H. Demeritt of the Class of 1860, a resident of New Canaan, Conn., and ninety years of

age. He served in the Union Army in the Civil War and was later in business with "rebels" as associates in New Orleans. He was born in Boston at the corner of Tremont and Common Sts., and lived when in E. H. S., on West Brookline Street, facing Blackstone Square. An older brother was in the Class of '59 but did not complete the course. Mr. Demeritt has recently shown active interest in the school and all that concerns it.

Now for a look at what some of our graduates are doing:

Robert Offenbach '30 has the honor of being mentioned in the semester report of Dartmouth College entitled "Men of Distinctive Scholastic Accomplishment."

Louis B. Fong '31 has been elected Advertising Manager of the *ech Show* at Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

## Obituary

Frederick W. Kettelle, a member of the class of '78, and a warm friend of English High, died suddenly in Manchester, N.H.

He was born in Boston and graduated from English High, where he won the Franklin Medal for Scholarship. In his younger days he was a member of the Massachusetts Volunteer Militia, serving in the signal corps.

Mr. Kettelle is a direct descendant of the early settlers and patriots of Revolutionary days.

## *Song Similes and Smiles*

"Summer Is Over"—It's about time we realized it—  
with Mid-Years just around the much talked of  
corner.

"Be Careful"—Warning from faculty advisors before  
marks are issued.

"Thanks"—For those newly acquired Honor Insignias.

"I'm No Angel"—Song of the recipient of detention  
hours.

"I Want To Know All About You"—In reference to  
those "Personality Marks."

"Turn Back The Clock"—Desire as the Lunch Period  
draws to a close.

"Sweet Madness"—Taking two Lunch Periods, er by  
"mistake."

"How Do I Look?"—The Senior's query before leaving  
for the Prom.

"Good-bye Again"—Our Alumni, after a Class Reunion.

"Dreams, What Are They Made Of?"—That's easy!—  
X squares, language, grammar, and history dates, of  
course.

"Beautiful Dreams"—A Senior's thought of after-grad-  
uation days.

"The Last Round-up"—Those Final Bi-Monthly  
exams.

"Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?"—The "natural  
scholais" who don't do homelessons.

"Have You Ever Been Lonely?"—A week-end without  
home assignments—(O yeah!!)

"One More Mountain To Climb"—The senior's theme  
song.

"I Wanna Ring Bells"—Everyone's desire about 2:33.

## *The Pirate's Tale*

Under a tropical pine tree,  
On the isle of New Los Elle,  
Is where we hid the treasure,  
From the Spanish caravel.  
'Twas drear and dark and sultry,  
And the waves moaned on the shore,  
When deep in the silvery sand dunes,  
We cached our louis d'ors.

Years later in an English port,  
With a sneer I could not miss,  
I met my mate, Blood Tyler,  
We fought at Monte Chris;  
But now he owns a merchant fleet,  
He trades for Sudan slaves,  
And little use has he now  
For broken pirate knaves.

So here I am uncared for  
When my head has feeble grown;  
I feel the winter's ruthless blast  
Through the shattered frame I own.  
And the gold still lies unclaimed  
On the isle of New Los Elle,  
But how to get that treasure  
I'll never, never tell.

For now I'm almost into port,  
With no cargo worth a name,  
Since the Master of all mariners  
Cares not for gold or fame.  
My voyage is drawing to its close;  
The sun sinks in the West;  
Pray, mate, that in the land beyond  
I may find peace and rest.

—Joel L. Cohen '36

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"Where do you bathe?"

"In the spring."

"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where."

Junior: "I'm glad I wasn't born in Venice."

Soph: "Whyfore?"

Junior: "I couldn't understand their language, bonehead."

Old gentleman), who has collided violently with a young man : "I beg your pardon, sir."

Young man: "Entirely my fault, sir."

"Then why the blazes don't you look where you're going?"

"What was George Washington noted for?"

"His memory."

"What makes you think his memory was so great?"

"They erected a monument to it."

E. H. S. Senior (using phone): "Give me Comm. 22 double 2."

Operator: "Comm. 2222?"

"Yeh, hurry up. I'll play train with you afterwards."

Street Singer: "And for Bonnie Annie Laurie, I'd lay me down and die."

Passer-by: "I'm sorry I can't find her for you."

"Are you sure there is no horsemeat in the sausages?"

"I can assure you that there is no meat at all there!"

Bob: "Alas 'tis dark without."

Joe: "Without what?"

"Without a light, fool."

Teacher of M2: "If coal costs \$10 a ton, how many tons would I get for \$50."

Soph: "Four tons."

"That's wrong."

"I know it, but they get by with it just the same."

Among the prisoners arranged before the court was an Irishman.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the judge in a stern voice.

"Faith, an' that's yer honor's business."

No. 154663 (jumping up in rage after prison show): "Dammit, a serial, and I'm to be hung next week."

Coach: "And didja carry ice like I told ya, last summer?"

Candidate: "No, I gotta better job selling electric refrigerators."



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## Did you know That—

Mathematics is the science of getting what you want?  
(Taken from an M4 class.)

Lord Bacon is believed by many to be the real author of the plays credited to Shakespeare?

Saccharin is 300 times as sweet as sugar but has no food value? It is a poison. (Courtesy Mr. Atwood.)

40 miles above the surface of the earth there is a belt of ozone  $\frac{1}{8}$  of an inch thick without which life on the earth would be impossible? This belt is to keep the long ultra-violet rays from reaching the earth.

Radium causes air to conduct electricity?

When 6 cubic inches of nitroglycerine explodes, the power is sufficient to lift nine tons to a height of 3 feet in one forty-thousandth of a second?

There is no silver in German silver? It is a compound of copper, zinc, and nickel.

Gold can be hammered so thin that 300,000 sheets of it make a pile only an inch in thickness?

More than 1,000 different brands of cigarettes are produced by 60 Chinese factories in Shanghai?

Cheap horses are expensive? You don't believe me? Watch. It is a rare thing to get a good horse cheap. Right? Rare things are expensive. Right? Therefore cheap horses are expensive.

Unless you have a good and sufficient reason you are fined \$10 for failure to vote in an Australian election?

A common housefly can smell with its legs?

The Casa Loma orchestra is organized like a corporation and run like a college fraternity?

Caesar was never king of the Roman empire? He was dictator.

Morton Downey was accosted in London by a policeman and threatened with arrest on a charge of disturbing the peace? He was whistling.

The Hydrogen electron makes as many revolutions in one second as an airplane propeller does in 4,000,000 years?

The energies of motion in collision at full speed between two 100 ton locomotives and in the atoms of half a glass of water are equal?

Paul (King of Jazz) Whiteman was once a viola player in a symphony orchestra?

Kalamazoo is a city in Michigan with a population of 56,400?

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